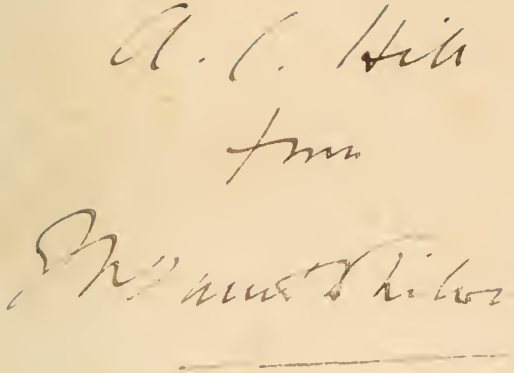
Through Bosnia and Herzegovina with a Paint Brush.

MRS. E. R. WHITWELL.



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THROUGH
BOSNIA AND HERZEGOVINA
WITH A PAINT BRUSH.

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Through Bosnia and Herzegovina

With a Paint Brush.

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A Street in Saràjevo, Bosnia.

Through Bosnia and Herzegovina

With a Paint Brush.

BY

MRS. E. R. WHITWELL,

Author of "Spain as we found it," and
"Through Corsica with a Paint Brush."

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Preface.

The following sketches and notes were originally intended as personal reminiscences of a very interesting and enjoyable holiday spent in a country somewhat out of the beaten track. But changes forecasted by the authoress having become actual fact, and the countries described assuming a prominent feature of recent international concern, it is hoped that the production of this little volume will prove of such interest as warrants its publication beyond the circle originally intended.

The Friarage,
Yarm-on-Tees,
January, 1909.

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Through
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STIRRING times are these when the whole of Europe has to give its opinion, and I may say decision, as to whether Austria may snap up Bosnia and Herzegovina, and Bulgaria may assert her independence and style her princeling a Tzar, which seems crowing rather loud and savours of the bantam in the poultry yard! However, we shall see what happens in the near future; meanwhile I am thinking that a very interesting tour I made through these provinces with my paint brush, may be attractive to those who take an interest in other nations and

other countries. Several books have already been written on Dalmatia, but I do not think any have been illustrated by the brush, and I have seen no books on Bosnia and Herzegovina, or that barren, wild country Montenegro, with its range after range of rocky, jagged mountains.

I have been twice in Dalmatia, the first time we sailed on our yacht *Vanadis* from Venice, touching at Pola—a stormy passage of eight hours. At Pola itself there was not much for me to see beyond a fine Roman amphitheatre, two gates and two temples. It is the centre of the Austrian naval base, and was bristling with ironclads ; our Captain elected to steam calmly in among them, but we had soon to make a retreat, piloted to the other side of the harbour by some Jack Tars, who were each presented with a cigar for the " entente cordiale " of the nations

From Pola we went on to Abbazia, which

is an Austrian invalid watering place and, sad to say, was full of consumptives. It is quite a pretty place, with a Casino, public gardens, and a wonderful artificial walk, a veritable sun trap for miles by the sea. On our arrival we found another yacht moored to the only buoy—there is no harbour, so we had to drop our anchor hoping for a fine night, which it was.

The next morning I went ashore to sketch, and the rest of the party went in the launch to Fiume, which had no attraction for me. A heavy thunderstorm that afternoon made the streets very wet, but we bravely struggled to a café and listened to the Hungarian band, at the same time drinking some excellent coffee with the milk nicely frothed up in a jug, and each person had his own little tray. The yacht which had secured the buoy the evening before, had taken its departure early in the morning, so we attached ourselves to it, and as the Captain remarked "possession

was nine tenths of the law,'' the other yacht had the privilege of taking turn in dropping her anchor for the night.

Some of the peasant women were very picturesque in costume, and wore a kind of ballet skirt, Hessian boots, and a red handkerchief tied round the head and floating at one side.

Though as I said before, I have twice been along the Dalmatian coast, I have not visited any of the most interesting islands, and my stay at the various towns has been far too short to please me, but it could not be avoided, I was at the mercy of a yacht, and in order to visit the principal towns in a country which possesses one small railway connecting two coast towns and one inland town, it was necessary to allow myself to be whirled along at the pleasure of others, who wanted not to linger brush in hand.

The history of Dalmatia dates, I think, from the year 180 B.C., when the tribe from which

Evening—Abbazia

it takes its name declared their independence from Gentius, King of Illyria, and established a republic. In 156 B.C. the Dalmatians were attacked by the Romans and compelled to pay tribute, but it was not till the reign of Augustus that their country became a Roman province. Under Tiberius, Dalmatia was thoroughly Romanised, it gave to the world the Emperor Diocletian, who eventually retired to Salona, the new Dalmatian capital, where are still to be found the remains of his magnificence. It then fell into several successive hands, and in the seventh century it received the dominant element of its present population by the immigration of the Slavs invited by Heraclius.

In the ninth century the Croatian influence was high, and Croatian princes were recognised as kings of Dalmatia. In the tenth century Venice extended her power, which is still visible in the many beautiful buildings seen all along this coast. About

the year 1018 the Doge took the title of Duke of Dalmatia. Venice and Croatia struggled hard for supremacy during the eleventh century, and in 1091 the Hungarians ousted the Croatians. The maritime cities of Zara, Trau, Spalato and Ragusa, had each their separate history, and attained much prosperity by commerce and industry. These towns sided with Venice and were at times under her control, until the treatment by that great republic disgusted them and they welcomed Louis of Hungary. Venetian authority was, however, once more asserted, but in 1797, Dalmatia became part of the Austrian dominions to which she has belonged ever since, with the exception of a Napoleonic period from 1805-1814. The Austrians were not popular, the feeling of the country being extremely hostile, and in 1869 an insurrection was put down by force of arms.

Water in Dalmatia is scarce, and the only rivers are the Krka and the Cettina. Outside

the towns is very little vegetation; barley, wheat, maize, oats, rye, millet, beetroot, hemp and potatoes are all grown somewhere; coasting for miles and miles nothing is seen but pinky grey rock, and now and then a bush, though as you go further south vegetation becomes evident and vines are grown, the grapes producing a full, red wine which is much exported to Bordeaux; and olives, the oil of which is also exported.

About eighty-nine per cent. of the natives belong to the Servian race and speak a Slavonic dialect, but there are a good many Italians; most of the natives understand Italian I found. The principal religion is Roman Catholic, there are also those who follow the Greek Church. The Roman Catholic Archbishop has his seat at Zara, and Spalato, Sebenico, Lesina and Cattaro are Bishoprics. Donkeys and goats abound, and there are some sheep. The peasant grinds his corn and weaves his clothes at home

Lace making is a great industry amongst Dalmatian women, and there is a special school at Spalato where the most beautiful patterns taken from the Churches are copied. Sponges also are found near Sebenico. Anchovies and tumny fish are caught in large quantities and many other kinds of fish.

Zara we reached on April 14th, but here on this our first visit, we discovered no harbour, though next time we found the harbour was quite on the other side of the town. As we did not relish the idea of tossing about all night on the open sea, we decided only to stay a very short time just to visit the town and then push on to Zara Vecchia for the night.

The town looks very new from the sea, and appears to be composed of large white modern buildings with red roofs, one hotel, "The Bristol," looked most imposing and new, but you must penetrate behind all this, where you will find the old town of Zara with its

After a Storm—Abbazia.

narrow streets, with many Roman and Venetian remains, of the former two large Corinthian columns still stand, one they say is where it was first erected. A plaque of stone or marble let into a wall, on which a most graceful figure of a dancing girl was carved, and there was also quite a museum of statues and other relics. The Duomo, with its beautiful façade, is distinctly Venetian, and the Lion of St. Marc watches at the gates of the town.

Zara, now, is specially celebrated for its mareschino, where are two manufacturies.

Our large party landing caused quite a flutter amongst the inhabitants, some of whom were most picturesque, the women with bright red and yellow aprons, white head shawls embroidered in many colours, blue skirts and red stockings. Some of the men in blue trousers, all rucked up the leg, red, gold-embroidered jackets were thrown over one shoulder, sashes were gleaming

with knives, &c., tucked in, and a curious tiny red cap with a black tassel crowned all. This cap looks ridiculously small perched on the top of the head.

The country here is bare sandy rock, with a few shrubs dotted about, very barren all along the shore, and on a dull day would look very dreary no doubt, but with bright sunshine the sea is lovely, and the range of snow-capped mountains behind make a charming background. We did not land at Zara Vecchia, and were off at sunrise to Sebenico.

A lovely little spot is Sebenico, at the foot of those curious grey barren hills. We landed, and passed through a quaint doorway, with picturesque figures going to and fro, then went up a few steps to narrow streets—very narrow indeed, but clean, with many subjects for an artist, but alas! no time for me—only an hour or two, and what is that! We wandered about the streets

and many appeals were made as to why I did not paint this and that—the questioners quite forgetting architectural subjects cannot be done in a minute, like the snapshot of a camera! After gazing at many fascinating bits, I decided to attempt an old carved door in a narrow street, and forthwith began, to be distracted very shortly by two funerals passing and re-passing, the mourners carrying each a guttering candle held at any angle and walking three abreast in the street five feet wide. My easel was once swept away by a boy, who, like most boys, did not look where he was going, luckily no damage was done and I settled to work again, to be three times disturbed, I having to flatten myself against the wall to let the mourners pass. I worked hard till dusk, then returned to the yacht.

I thought it a great pity we could not stay a few days at Sebenico, but on we rushed, and I must go too this time. I longed to

stay and put all I saw on paper, of all this beautiful curious scenery, and at some future date, I hoped to be able to dawdle along this coast at my own sweet will.

One of our party bought a most curious knife from a very handsome native, who showed the purchaser its various uses—the knife was used to eat with, and shave with, &c., &c., the double pronged stiletto, which occupied the same sheath, was to dig into an enemy. This was about a foot long. These the natives carry tucked into their belts.

The Cathedral is very fine, Old Venetian, and had many fascinating corners for the artist.

After lunch we went up a serpentine gorge, so narrow, that every moment it seemed to come to an end. The sides were pinky-grey hills, barren except for a few shrubs, the whole colouring was most curious, the sea bright blue-green, contrasting with the rocky sides. A special pilot came on board for this cruise, and he nearly ran us into some

rocks, not calculating how much room we took to turn the corners. When we arrived at the furthest limit that the yacht could go, we took to the launch, and approached the Falls of Krka, where the water comes down in tiers, very fine. Here electric light is being made. We walked up to a height for a view looking back, which was most extraordinary, the pinky-grey hills, with one long strip of winding emerald green water between.

My second visit to Sebenico was under more favourable circumstances, as I decided to leave the yacht and put up at the Hotel Krka with my courier.

La, La ! the cold on this my second visit, but charmed am I to be here once more at this most fascinating little place, Sebenico, this time to stay a few days, but oh ! the cold ! ! I have never felt anything like it in England, the north-east wind, the Bora (the wind of the dead) is blowing. I imagine it comes

off the steppes of Russia, from its intense piercing coldness. The sun is nice and warm, if you can get out of the wind which rises very decidedly every afternoon. I landed from the yacht in the morning, escorted by my guide. An elaborate programme was made out, and it was intended we should travel through Herzegovina and Bosnia, visiting Jajce, Bajnaluka, Bihac (pronounced Beehatch), Novi, and Plitvice, where are wonderful lakes and cascades in continuation from one to the other. Part of the journey we carried out, but not all, as will be seen later on.

At Sebenico, they talk Italian and Slav; Italian made me quite happy as it enabled me to converse with the natives. The national costumes here are most fascinating, lovely brilliant colouring mixed in the women's head-gear and shawls, and some of the *contadine* that come in, with dark blue dresses striped with red, green and

orange, and embroideries of every hue, are most striking. The men, too, dress very smartly, and finish off their costumes with very large silver buttons.

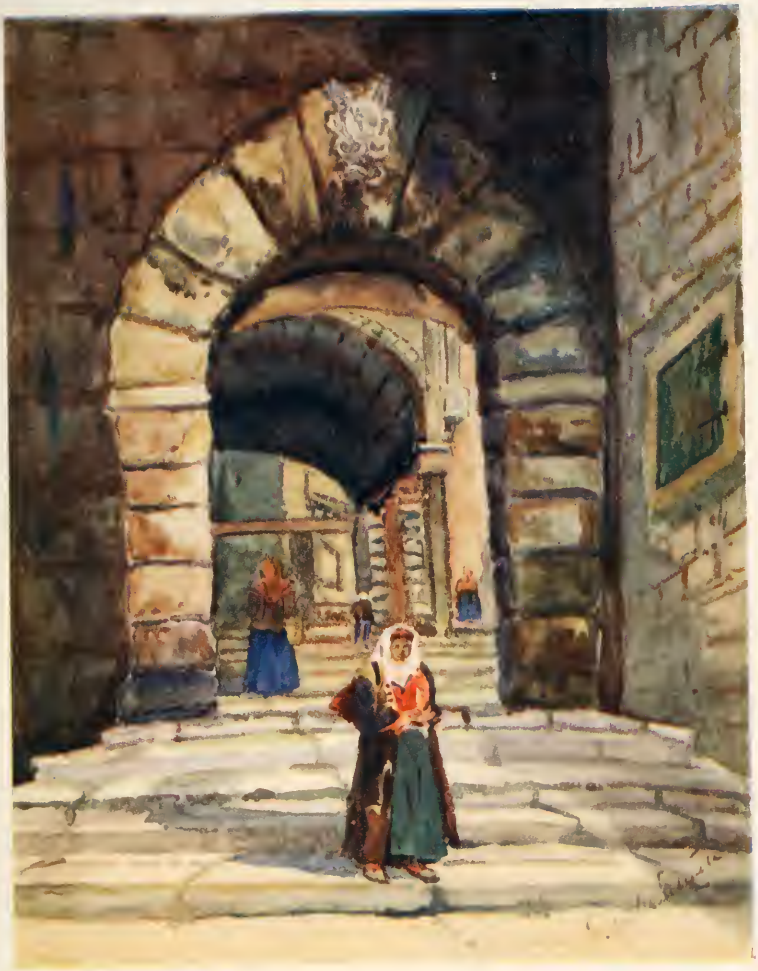
I took a room at the Hotel Krka; the rooms are quite nice, but the Restaurant rather dirty. The landlady wanted to ask me fourteen krones as pension—rather a lot for this out of the way place, but as I came off a yacht, I am, no doubt, expected to pay accordingly; however, I decided to take my room, and then have my meals à la carte, and by this means I exactly halved the pension terms. My first meal was composed of soup, veal, salad and cheese. I had not intended to have soup, as I ordered spagetti, which I naturally thought would be macaroni and tomato sauce, and was disgusted to find it the name of a soup. Wine was given free, and all the other customers seemed to drink it, but I found it horribly bitter, and to take off the taste

I allowed myself a mareschino—the only part of my lunch I enjoyed! At night I had macaroni in pieces three-quarters of a yard long, these I found most difficult to negotiate, as when I twirled it round my fork, and was about to put it in my mouth, the whole thing flew off like a spring. I think it took me twenty minutes to tackle this dish.

The streets here are very quaint, as the town is built on the hill side, there are a great many steps. At the entrance to the town, near the Quay, is a beautiful gateway which I tried to draw, but the intense cold and wind soon sent me away. The Cathedral has fine doors east and north. My guide and I wandered about the town looking for paintable spots of which there are many, we went into the gardens where is a statue to Tommaseo (the author), and in a fountain I saw a fat goldfish who seemed to look at me out of the corner of his eye,

The Porta Marina, Sebenico.

The Porta Marina, Sebenico.



in surprise at a stranger. There are many remains of old Venetian days, in old doorways and on beautiful carvings, and I came across a fine lion of St. Mark let into the wall of a building : very old columns, Roman, are used as corner stones to many of the houses. The streets are very narrow and the houses high. May here would be a charming month, but the end of March is far too early. My guide and I sat in the gardens for awhile in the sun, but the wind sent us indoors, it rose so high and the dust blew in clouds.

I told my guide to come early next morning if it was fine and warmer, but the piercing wind still prevailed, so we waited till nine, and I drew the pretty view from my window. I was longing to draw the gate which I had kept in view from my earlier trip down this coast and for which particular reason I came to Sebenico, however we had no luck, and again I could do

nothing but wander in the streets. I saw some wonderful Easter offerings, chickens made of a sort of yellow bread, with two red paste eggs reposing in their breasts, one cock's feather in the tail and another in the head.

I took a few photographs of the fruit market, but the non-picturesque people were very tiresome, coming immediately in front of my camera at the most critical moment. One man's waistcoat was covered with embroidery and masses of silver buttons in clusters down the front and others at the sides; they were very handsome buttons, large, round, and filagreed, and others were flat. Those I have on my coat were a source of great interest, and as the natives talk Italian, they were a subject of much conversation between them and myself.

The bread market is very quaint, rows and rows of long loaves of bread, which my guide says is sold very cheap to the poor

people. The vegetable market is close to the bread market, but vegetables are few just now; where anything green came from I was at a loss to know, as a fresh blade of grass even was nowhere to be seen, all is bare rock and thoroughly winterly in appearance.

On the second day I sallied forth to paint my gate at 12-30, so as to sit in the sun and avoid the crowd of natives who had gone to their mid-day meal, and luckily did not seem in any hurry to come out after it. On account of the cold I left early next day, instead of by the evening train. There are only two trains, so I decided to leave by the 7-20 a.m. I had hoped to be able to go to Knin, but we found it took too long for me to reach the yacht in time. Of course, as usual, we arrived ages too soon at the station. A small boy carried most of my luggage and my guide the rest. The station was about a mile from the hotel, there are no carriages in the town, so walking is compulsory. The

train was already in the station, and I naturally wanted to get into it, but I was waved back by an official, and was told I must wait till the appointed time. At Petrovic we changed trains, and I had time to sketch one or two natives, the woman wore very thick dark blue cloth with stripes of red applique, and green and orange pipings and strappings, with patches of wool embroidery at intervals, and an apron of many colours, edged with a hair fringe ; her head was covered by a white embroidered cotton kerchief. Also a fine old man made an imposing figure with his long brown coat, blue trousers hooked tightly at the ankle, his many coloured embroidered waistcoat and his silver buttons, and wide leather belt, in which were tucked weapons and pipes. He was smoking a long wooden pipe, holding the bowl in his hand, chatting to me while I was sketching him.

We came along the most arid country,

all stones, but lots of vines were growing apparently out of the stones, as I could see hardly any soil about them; in some parts there was more soil, and on the hillsides patches of earth for vineyards. The railway winds in and out of the hills which are grey, and the only bit of colour to be seen was in the costumes of the peasants, which was an agreeable relief from the great monotony of stone. Men and women were very busy digging and attending to the vines. We passed Traù and Salona at some distance, at the latter are many Roman remains, which are beautifully situated over the bay. Salona was once the capital of Roman Dalmatia and had a naval harbour, its massive walls were washed by the sea in those days, but now it has receded far from the ruins. In the Roman Civil War, Salona adhered to Cæsar, and was beseiged by Octavius, Pompey's general. Much excavation is still going on, and the chief relics

are removed to the Museum at Spalato. Diocletian had a beautiful palace overlooking this bay, which covered nine and a half acres in extent. Diocletian was born near Ragusa.

This little railway ends at Spalato, where we once more joined the yacht.

Spalato is picturesquely encircled by lofty hills and lies in a fertile region on a peninsula.

The town owes its name to a great palace (palatium) of Diocletian, within the precints of which a great part of the old town is built. The palace formed a little world of its own, with temples, baths, &c., of which the principal remains are more or less built over, as for instance the Cathedral piazza, once the peristyle, has twelve Corinthian columns, some of which are built into the houses, while the south end is occupied by an imposing vestibule with four columns of red granite. This vestibule once led to the private state apartments and from it opens a Rotunda.

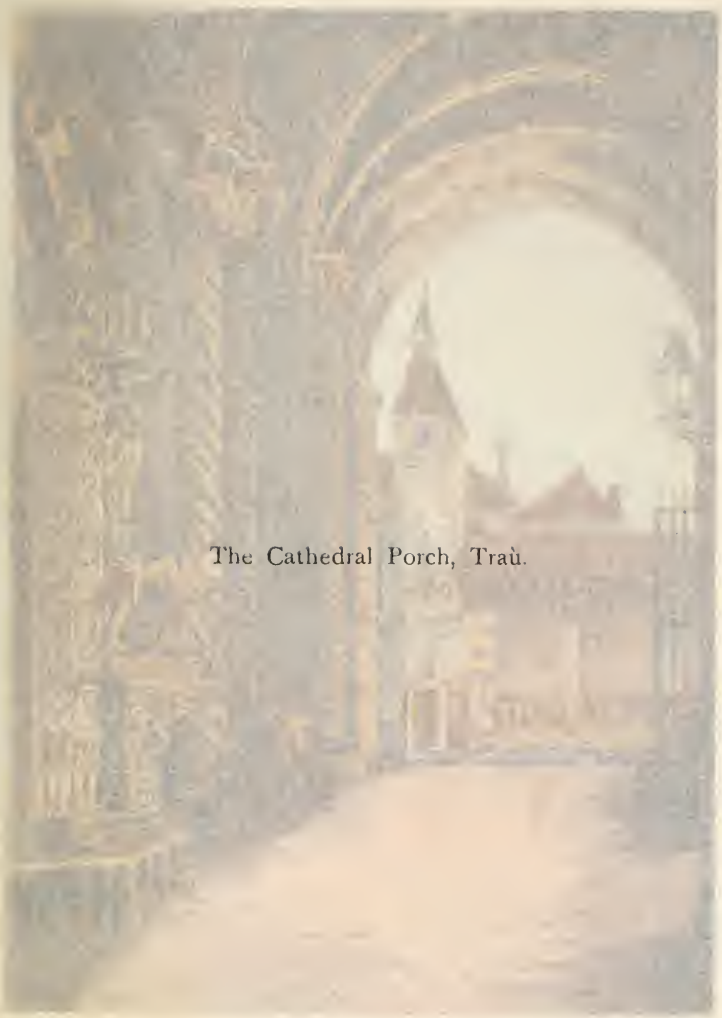
The Cathedral, a fine edifice, enclosed by a dilapidated colonnade (originally the Mausoleum of Diocletian) is now dedicated to the Virgin and St. Diomo. In the interior are eight columns, twenty-three feet high, bearing an ambulatory, on which stand eight columns which were once crowned by statues. Between these columns at the top is a frieze with hunting scenes, portraits, and various other figures. The pulpit and choir-stalls are also Romanesque: the columns of the former with their capitols are very fine. The Baptistery was supposed to have been the private temple of Diocletian, dedicated to Jupiter.

The Porta Aurea is on the north and is the palace gate facing the land. This gate is most imposing and impressive, no doubt because it has not been mixed up with modern buildings, so you get a clear view of it.

Happily for me while at Spalato something went wrong with the yacht's boiler, this much

refreshed me by its kindness, and I decided to take a little jaunt of my own to Traù, a town we had passed on our way, so to Traù I went, accompanied by the old courier Angelos. We chartered a carriage and drove to this dear little place with a lovely old Venetian Cathedral. At Spalato we had a thunderstorm, and the weather still looked threatening, so after seeing the sights of Traù, I settled down to work on the old Venetian gate of the town. I had only time to draw it that evening and hoped to return next day, as we had to stay the night at Traù, but alas! it rained hard all night, and I was wondering if I should rise at day-break or not, when I suddenly remembered the door and covered-in porch of the Cathedral. To this I started off in a downpour, but found I could sit comfortably inside the porch, and there old Angelos found me in due course, hard at work, and there I sat till lunch time.

In the afternoon it cleared, and I went



The Cathedral Porch, Traù.

The Cathedral Porch, Trau.

on painting the gate, but the wind blew my sketch twice off the easel, so I had to give it up and ordered the carriage to return to Spalato. Two ruffianly looking youths clad in brown coats with hoods acted as coachman and footman. When we reached the *octroi*, they had to throw back their coats for inspection underneath ; as it was raining and the hood was up, the douanier proceeded to examine the inside of the carriage, and found old Angelos and myself, at which he saluted respectfully and waved us on.

I found the family also anxious to visit Traù, and next morning we all returned by sea, so much the better for my gate ! The drive is quite pretty, and it was a treat to see green once more. On the way I passed seven villages all called Castello something, as Castelvecchio, Castelnuovo, &c., relics of old feudal times, there being a castle in the centre of each village with houses all round it. I longed to visit each, but had no time.

The men's costumes are very striking, blue trousers open at the back of the ankle to ten inches from the shoe—a string sandal—little brass hooks and eyes to fasten them when required, red sashes and tabs at the waist, the sash in which the usual weapon reposes, brown jacket with crimson velvet slashes and fringe ornamenting the front, piped with crimson all round, a waistcoat of red velvet with silver buttons, and the scarlet cap crowns all. The women look well in dark blue, with a red band round the bottom of the skirt, coloured handkerchiefs on their heads; some wore long blue coats piped with red and red bands embroidered down the sides, a sort of stocking-shoe embroidered in many colours and an apron of red and yellow.

The landlord at Traù was surprised and pleased to see me again for my frugal lunch of fried eggs, Parmesan cheese and radishes; the yacht had anchored so far out, I could

not go back to it. I finished my work in hand, and then tried to draw the attention of someone on the yacht, but it was no use, so I had to hire a boat from shore.

It was twelve hours run from Spalato to Gravosa (the harbour of Ragusa). We came past the islands of Lesina, Lissa, Curzola, and Sabioncello, and down the Canale di Melita. We thought of calling at the town of Curzola, which is well worth a visit, but as it was blowing hard, we deemed it wiser to push on.

We reached Ragusa next morning after a rolling night, and anchored opposite the town ; but there was such a roll on, I was sure that none but the best sailors would come to breakfast, so we moved into the port of Gravosa, two miles away.

Mr. T. and I walked to the town, he, poor man, politely carrying my satchel. On the way we passed many villas. The old town is entered by a charming old gate, called

Porta Pille ; old walls surround the town, which is also a fortress. Directly you enter the gate a quaint fountain meets your gaze, and many figures in costumes are grouped about it. We wandered on down the principal street of shops, in many of which were collections of curiosities, embroideries, bags, belts, swords, old inlaid mother-of-pearl stocked guns, &c., the belts of enormous weight were studded with agates, and were said to have been worn by the women. Narrow streets, with innumerable steps, branched off from the main street ; several churches and two monasteries, the Franciscan with a charming old courtyard.

The Rector's Palace had a fine portico ; these were among the things we saw, but I have no doubt that there were many others we did not see of equal interest, as my attention was rivetted on one of the steep side streets, bright with all kinds of coloured clothing strung across it. I had hardly

A Street in Ragusa

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started work, when down came the rain in torrents. I sent old Angelos off for a carriage while I took refuge in a doorway, and I generously gave the old courier my umbrella as he had none. After waiting a long time and getting in despair of his ever returning, I suddenly heard his voice round a corner, so I ran. Why he took so long was, that he had quite forgotten where he had left me!

Some of the others reached the quay at the same time as I did; the rain coming down in sheets made it very difficult to get on board, and the dingey was simply a large pool of water.

In the afternoon we went in the launch up the river of the Val d' Ombra, as we were told it was a very nice excursion; the country was very ugly, but the water at the fall seemed to bubble up from the ground, coming through, not down the mountain, when it had disappeared entirely for nineteen miles.

On April 20th we left Gravosa for Cattaro. There is not much to see in the town there, but the market was most fascinating, peasants in costume from all parts, Brda, or Montenegro, &c., &c. The Montenegrins are a very good looking fine race. The women part the hair in the middle, and wear enormously thick plaits of hair round the head, a black shawl in cold weather for the married women and a little cap for the girls, embroidered on the crown with I.H. (Nichola I.), a long white sleeveless coat, a blue or red zouave of velvet, beautifully embroidered in gold, ordinary skirt and apron, and shoes of calf skin with string tops and straps, a sock with a border of red and blue is worn over the stocking. The men wear the little round cap, the sleeveless white coat, and red waistcoat embroidered in black and silver buttons, wide, bright blue pantaloons, and a sash and leathern pocket in which the revolver rests—these latter they always

wear, except on market days at Cattaro, where all firearms have to be left behind. They (men and women) are splendid specimens of humanity, every man a soldier and a gentleman, with a fine carriage and a most dignified manner ; they salute or bow, often both.

In the afternoon, Angelos and I started off in a carriage to drive to Cettinje, the capital of Montenegro, where I stayed the night.

The road zig-zags up the mountain side all the way from Cattaro to a Col, then zig-zags down on the other side to Cettinje, which lies nestling at the foot of steep hills and at the end of a cultivated valley. The road was in a state of repair, and was a mass of stones all the way, which made the drive of seven hours very tiring. The scenery is very grand and rugged, the mountains pinky grey in colour, with very little green at the commencement of the ascent even, and

these are chiefly shrubs; then this green ends, and is entirely left behind, and the mountains stand out in all their ruggedness, with an occasional patch of snow still left by the road side at the end of April.

There is very little soil except in the valleys, and these are old lake basins. Every bit of soil is used in cultivation. For miles and miles there is nothing to be seen but rugged, jagged rock.

On our way we passed a few thatched cottages, and stopped to bait the horses at the only village on the road, called Njegus, which is a short distance over the frontier. In this village the house is shown where Prince Nichola was born. While waiting here, I had a frugal meal of eggs, bread and wine, and I made a sketch of a very fine looking young man, much to his amusement and gratification, as he seemed quite pleased with his appearance on paper. Several other good looking young men came to criticise,

Montenegro.

these are chiefly shrubs ; then the green ends, and is entirely left behind, and the mountains stand out in all their ruggedness, with an occasional patch of snow still left by the road side at the end of April.

There is very little soil except in the valleys, and these are old lake basins. Every bit of soil is used in cultivation. For miles and miles there is nothing to be seen but rugged, jagged rock.

On our way [illegible] a few thatched cottages, and stopped to feed the horses at the only village on the road, called Njegus, which is a short distance from the frontier. In this village the house is shown where Prince Nicholas was born. While waiting here, I had a frugal meal of eggs, bread and wine, and I made a sketch of a very fine looking young man, much to his amusement and gratification, as he seemed quite pleased with his appearance on paper. Several other good looking young men came to criticise,

some spoke a little Italian but most of them Slav, I suppose, as they are the descendants of the old nobility of the Servian Empire, who fled to the Black Mountains to escape Turkish oppression, and who maintained their liberty and independence against all comers for more than five centuries.

A blind musician came to play while I was lunching, his instrument had one string only, which is usual in this country; but it was as sweet and melodious as though it had many strings.

The aspect of the scenery was much the same until we reached the Col, but when there the view was grand in the extreme.

Range after range of rocky, jagged mountains, the lake of Scutari in the dim distance and the Albanian mountains in snow behind, and a pinky glow from the setting sun enhanced the view. Here we paused a few moments, then began to descend to Cettinje, which we reached after driving for some hours.

Before going further, I will say a little about Montenegro, which in extent is about half the size of Wales. There are a few small towns dotted about, the capital is Cettinje, and the only town I visited. The seaport town is Dulcigno, on the Adriatic; the whole country is very mountainous and there are several small lakes, the principal one is Scutari, of which half belongs to Montenegro and the other half to Albania.

If I had had time, I should have much liked to have driven to Lake Scutari, but it would have taken a whole day to go there and back from Cettinje, so I had to give it up. The Montenegrins are such delightful people, that I believe you can go anywhere in their country and feel perfectly safe, they are particularly hospitable to strangers. In the time of war with Turkey, the Turkish women and children fled into Montenegro, knowing they would be perfectly safe from insult of any kind in the enemy's territory.

There is but little farming land in Montenegro, the peasant is glad to enclose the tiniest patch of fertile soil retained by the hollows in the mountain sides.

The largest land proprietor is the owner of sixty acres, and other freehold estates vary from two to twenty acres, and it is usually not to the individual, but to the family that this ownership belongs.

The history of Montenegro from the earliest times to the Turkish War of 1877, is one of incessant wars and raids, throughout the whole of which the country has preserved its independence, even when Turkish power was spread over the whole of south-eastern Europe. The accession of the present dynasty dates from 1687. Prince Nichola (the reigning Prince and father of the Queen of Italy) conducted a successful war against Turkey; he is a dramatist, and also introduced a new code of laws.

Bears and wolves are still to be found in

the highest forests.

Cettinje has a population of about 1,300 people, the houses are whitewashed, with red roofs. The whole town is very clean in appearance.

It has a broad main street, crossed by smaller streets. In the main street are the houses of the foreign representatives. In the square is the palace of the Prince Nichola, unpretentious in appearance and only distinguishable by the guard in front of it. The Prince still administers open-air justice before his palace, though lately the large tree under which he sat has fallen, I believe.

Not far off is the palace of Prince Danilo, his son, the hall of the senate being on the ground floor. The Ministry, the Court of Justice, and the prison are adjacent, and opposite the Ministry is the Monastery, in whose church the ancestors of the reigning house are buried. Above the Monastery

Cettinje.

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rises a round tower, which until lately was adorned by Turkish skulls. Near the Monastery is the Museum in which are many torn standards, arms, medals, etc., etc.

Montenegro has a standing army, in which every able-bodied man serves for a term of four months at a time. The Montenegrins are as fine soldiers as can be found, and the Prince takes the keenest interest in his army and his people. Every morning he rides over to the square, where his subjects await him bare-headed. He signs one to his side, who, after kissing his hand, walks along by the side of his horse as far as the barracks, the Prince meanwhile discussing and questioning him as to his family affairs, or crops, &c. At the barracks the Prince watches the drilling, chats with his officers, and inspects the building, after which he will often visit the Law Courts and superintend affairs.

His people reverence him, and look upon him as their father in more than name.

I stayed at a comfortable hotel, and next morning Angelos and I wandered about the streets, starting at 6 a.m. and visiting several shops, as I was particularly anxious to buy one of the pretty costumes, which are so becoming, and would make such a charming fancy dress ; the shoes were tiresome to get, as I did not fancy the calf-skin ones which I was told I must soak to soften, these I scorned, and at last found a very smart pair with leather soles and ornamented string tops.

As I had to get back to the yacht and wanted to do some sketching on the way, and was tired of wandering about on foot, we started on our return journey to Cattaro at 9-30, and it was with much regret that I left these charming people and their country.

About half-way I paused to sketch, it was bitterly cold, and by the time I had finished could hardly feel my fingers. The horses had been taken out of the carriage and I had lunch to warm me up; it was composed of

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The Market Place, Cattaro

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eggs fried in rancid oil—very nasty! but the bread was of excellent rye. The rest of our party passed us on their way to Cettinje, which they intended to visit and return in the same day. Soon the wind rose and came in gusts at every zig-zag going down the mountain side; I did not envy the others who could not reach the yacht again till ten o'clock. The evening was very stormy, we thought of their terrible drive in the dark, and were on the look out all the evening for them. About eight we saw two lights on the mountain slowly descending, so we were sure it must be our travellers, who arrived safe and sound about 10-30, very tired, and one driver was drunk, so those in the carriage walked eight miles rather than drive. A stormy, wild coast is this, warm in the valleys but bitterly cold in the mountains, and a good deal of snow still at the end of April.

After Montenegro I decided to return once

more to Ragusa—that fine old fortress town —with Miss B., so we bade farewell to the yacht and retraced our steps once more, and from there we travelled through Herzegovina and Bosnia.

Here a new guide met me from Pola, strongly recommended by a friend of ours there, and he proved a great success, by name Karabaich.

Miss B. and I found ourselves at a very comfortable hotel—The Imperial—where we stayed a week in this delightful old town surrounded by walls and fortresses.

Ragusa lies at the foot of Monte Serjio, and is built on its steep slopes. Down to 1805 it was an independent republic, but was annexed by Napoleon, and later in 1814 by Austria. We enter the town from Gravosa by the Porta Pille, where in the niche over the gateway is the statue of St. Biagio, the patron saint of the town, which is entirely surrounded by enormously thick walls, on

The Fontana Onofrio, Ragusa.

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which it is permitted to walk by an order from the commandant's office; but we found greater attractions. On passing through Porta Pille you enter the long wide street called the Corso, and here on Sundays they run races, one of which we saw, two men were running backwards and forwards for four miles. The Corso extends from one end of the town to the other, and is flanked by the principal shops and some of the Churches.

On the right, near the gate, is the large fountain called Onofrio, which was built in 1473, and here many picturesque figures come to draw water. To the left is the Franciscan Church, with its fine cloisters and its Gothic portal. Rather lower down the street on the opposite side is the Servian Church, at the east end of the Corso, in a square, is the Church of St. Biagio. On the left is the custom house, formerly the mint. This was built in the Venetian style, about

1520, and is adorned with a statue of St. Biagïo, it has also a handsome courtyard. Near, is the clock tower and the guard house with an old fountain. Then comes the Palazzo Comunale and the Museum. The Rector's Palace with its fine colonnade is most striking, and passing through the doorway is a beautiful courtyard surrounded by pillars, and a noble marble staircase possibly dating from the fifteenth century, but recently restored.

Walking further on you come to the Cathedral, built in the seventeenth century. From here we pass on to the market place, which has a beautiful old Venetian door; there one day I sketched under difficulties, with a curious crowd and a tearing wind, which whirled the dust round and round over me and my easel, in a very aggravating manner.

Returning whence we came, we walked along to the clock tower, which we passed under, and immediately to our left was the

Dominican Monastery, up several flights of steps.

My first day was spent in shopping and sight-seeing, the former consisted of buying some of the beautiful gold embroideries. I found what I think will make a beautiful dinner gown, the coat is embroidered nearly all over with the most exquisite gold embroidery; this coat is sleeveless, but belonging to it are sleeves which are also a mass of embroidery, these are cut perfectly straight, so impossible to wear, but I think they can be adapted by wearing them outside others and allowed to fall loose. I also bought a gold embroidered man's waistcoat which makes a very smart trimming for a coat, or could be used for a winter gown. I found some old silver pins for hats, and a quaint jug which has a secret how to drink out of it without spilling the wine. It is very old, the wine comes up the handle, round the top of the jug to the lip, in which is a hole to

drink, all the top of the jug is perforated, so it is necessary to know the secret to avoid spilling the wine. I added many other things to my collection and sent them on to the yacht to be brought home. These shops are too fascinating for words, there are so many things you can't get at Liberty's, wonderful to relate. There are quantities of old firearms for sale, old guns with inlaid stocks, pistols of all sizes and shapes, &c., &c. The place was full of visitors speaking in German tongue, but we saw no English, or even the ever present American. There are many old buildings worth visiting, and the streets are very quaint and picturesque, also very narrow, stretching up the hillsides; one wide long street down the centre of the town, where the principal shops are to be found.

Friday and Saturday mornings I spent in painting the cloisters of the Dominican Monastery, and I persuaded one of the young monks to pose for me, sitting near the well.

In the afternoon Miss B. and I walked about the quaint old streets and saw many attractive bits for the brush, and then had coffee at a café and sat on the terrace, but the wind was cold, as we were not in the sun which is hot. Certainly the weather as to the intense cold had somewhat improved, and we found it unnecessary to wear so many coats and woolly things as before, which was a blessing.

The peasants were very picturesque, and there is a great variety of costume both in men and women, some of course very shabby, and one wonders how their rags hold together. All these towns are wonderfully clean and about here all the people look clean, though they may be very ragged. The monks at the monastery were very interested in my work, and crowded on to the balcony above me, chattering like magpies. Sunday, I went to high Mass, and in the afternoon took a carriage to drive to San Giacomo, a disused

monastery. Karabaich sat on the box with my sketching materials. Carriages are horribly expensive, at the rate of about two shillings a mile. Unfortunately we took it for granted that we could get on to the terrace, and allowed the carriage to go away with instructions to return in three hours. Alas! the doors were all locked, and though we found out where the custodian lived, he had gone to the town, so as it was not very far to walk to the Villa Adrian, Karabaich and I decided to look at it on our way back on foot, as we could not spend three hours doing nothing by the wayside. The Villa Adrian is a pension, a charming situation with several terraces down to the sea; all is quite new except some of the columns used in the pergolas. I made various enquiries about the pension, but was not pleased with the idea of always schinken (ham) for supper, and the rooms I saw did not impress me favourably either. In ten years' time the garden

will be lovely, no doubt, and in the summer when the leaves are out it must now be quite nice.

The next day we went to the much talked of Island of Lacroma, to which a small launch conveys you, and you pay the sum of two krones to go and return, and another krone to the solitary Dominican monk who inhabits the island. Lacroma used to belong to the Emperor Maximilian, and then to Prince Rudolf, but it was then considered so unlucky that the Emperor handed it over to the Dominicans. I asked the monk if he had seen any ghosts, at which he was much amused. Part of the Monastery can be wandered over, and the gardens would be charming if well planted with flowers. These gardens, of which there are several, are surrounded by high hedges, and box borders enough to delight any one. The rooms of the monastery are bare, but over each bedroom door is a rhyme in German, such as :—

"Freund in der Droth
Freund in der Todt
Freund hintern Rücken
Das sind drei starke Brücken,"

and another

"Schweig und Meig
Werk und Leid
Jedes Ding hat seine Zeit."

and so on over each door.

I saw many prints of Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, and other Royalties, also several engravings of old English pictures by famous artists. The island is itself covered with small fir and cypress trees, and has many shady walks. We had some time to wait for the return launch, and amused ourselves by sketching the monk; Miss B. took a photo of him and promised him a copy. On our return the town was gay with people of all nationalities and costumes to see a great race being run down the principal street, by two men who ran for an hour and

a half without stopping. I sat at the féac and sketched some of the people.

After dinner there was nothing to be done or to see in the town, and as the drawing-rooms soon became very stuffy, I went off to my room after supper.

One afternoon while we were amusing ourselves by turning over, and I am afraid purchasing, some of the fascinating goods in one of the shops, we found a bridegroom making purchases for his bride elect, who was attended by her mother and aunt as chaperones. Both bride and bridegroom came from the Canali district, where the women wear a very charming costume of bright colours. On the head is a little red and gold embroidered cap, over it a white embroidered accordian pleated handkerchief, embroidered vest and bolero, with tassels of gold coloured silk on sleeves and bodice, a white apron with a deep embroidered hem, probably a bright blue accordian pleated

skirt with a border of some other colour. About the bodice and waist are many ribbons as ornament, and a sash of many colours round the waist. We saw a good many so dressed on Easter Sunday in the town.

On April 4th we left Ragusa in drenching rain, which began the day before and continued all the journey to Mostar, but was happily fine after our arrival about 7-30. This is a journey of eight hours through the mountains of rugged grey stone. The railway goes up a great height and winds in and out of the hills, the view is more grand than beautiful. The train stops at many little stations for the sole reason of allowing the travellers to have drinks, we concluded, as at many places we stayed ten minutes for apparently no reason except that we saw the travellers flocking into a bar.

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The Old Bridge, Mostar.

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It is bounded on the north and east by Bosnia, south by Montenegro, and west by Dalmatia, and only just touches the Adriatic at Sutterina. Some districts, those of Niksich and Domitor, have been placed by the Treaty of Berlin under the Government of the Prince of Montenegro.

The greater part of the population belong to the Greek Church. Then come about 70,000 Mohamedans, some Roman Catholics, Jews, and Gipsies. The Mahomedan population are those that strike the eye most, probably because of the men's picturesque dress, and the bazaars which one makes a point of visiting.

The people live chiefly in hamlets, and there are only about five towns; the capital of Herzegovina is Mostar.

Over the river Narenta, at Mostar, is a fine old Roman bridge which connects two parts of the town.

The river Narenta is the principal river,

and along its valley lies the most cultivation, olives, mulberries, figs, melons, grapes, rice, and maize are grown. In some places there are forests of beech and pine. Many of the mountains reach to a height of 8,500 feet near the Montenegrin frontier. There are many sheep and goats, out of the wool of which the long white thick coats are made that you see hanging at shop doors in the hamlets all the way to Mostar. There is a high road from Seràjevo in Bosnia, through Herzegovina to the Adriatic.

We visited these parts in April, but it was far too early for comfort, and I should not recommend anyone to attempt it before June.

Herzegovina seems to have changed hands many times within the last 400 years, at one time belonging to Hungary, and then to Bosnia, then Turkey conquered it; earlier, too, the Venetians seemed to have a look in. Of its history under the Turks there seems to be no particular records. Feudalism,

under Mahomedan guise continued to survive here. The Spahis, begs, or agas, were mediæval lords who had apostatized to Islam. They kept their ancestral castles, banners and title deeds, and patents of nobility. They enacted feudal service from their serfs and retainers. One of these Mahomedan nobles, Ali, Aga of Stolac, did such good service for the Sultan in his struggle with the Bosnian magnates, that he was made Vizier of Herzegovina, which was freed for a while from Bosnian government. The reform of Sultan Mahmoud did not by any means remove the grievances of the population of Herzegovina. The serfs had now to satisfy the extortion of imperial excisement as well as from their feudal lords. The begs and agas extorted from them forced labour and a third of the produce; the central government levied a tithe, which at the date of the outbreak had become an eighth. Three kinds of cattle tax: the tax for exemption

from military service levied on every infant in arms, forced labour in the roads, forced loan of horses, a heavy tax on grapes and tobacco, and a variety of lesser taxes crushed the Christian peasants; but more galling still the manner in which these taxes were extorted — the iniquitous assessment of tax farmers and excisemen — and the brutal license of the Zaptiehs quartered on recalcitrant villagers. All this caused the insurrection of 1875, the villagers of Nevinsinge (which takes its name from a plateau near Mostar) who were unable to bear the extortions and outrages committed by the Zaptiehs and bashi-basouks, rose against their oppressors. The insurrection spread rapidly through Herzegovina and on to Bosnia, and for a year the Herzegovinians under their leaders held out against all the forces of Turkey, and in two struggles in the gorge of Muratovizza the Turks lost over 2,000 men. In July, 1876, principalities

joined in the struggle; the Russo-Turkish war followed, and by the treaty of Berlin, the government of Herzegovina and Bosnia was confided to Austria-Hungary, while Niksich and the country about Mount Dormitor were detached from Herzegovina and annexed to Montenegro.

Curiously enough, that at this present time, when all the states around are agitating, not one word comes in protest from either of these two states, Herzegovina or Bosnia.

In July, 1878, the Austrian troops crossed the Herzegovinian frontier, and this news roused the Mahomedan fanatics to a desperate effort.

On August 2nd the Mahomedans of Mostar, believing themselves betrayed by the Turkish government, rose *en masse*, murdered the Turkish governor and officials. The Austrians pressed forward, and crushing some ineffectual efforts at resistance, entered Mostar on the 5th August. Since the com-

pletion of the occupation, the government of the province has been under the military governor at Saràjevo, controlled by the Foreign Office at Vienna. The Sultan has, up to now, remained the sovereign *de jure*, so that the present declaration of Austria is not likely to involve any alteration of government from what has gone on all these last thirty years.

At Mostar there is quite a comfortable hotel called Hotel Narenta, with a Restaurant attached, where you can order what you like in the way of food, without having to sit through a weary supper—which took an hour at Ragusa,—and we found the cooking much better too. Two ladies can travel alone in these parts quite well, if they can speak Italian and German, and at the Hotels they all speak English. I have my guide, Karabaich, who carries my sketching things and keeps off the crowd—all of which is a convenience, but not a necessity so far.

Next day we wandered into the town, which was a mass of mud. It rained at intervals, but we managed to see the old town with the Turkish Bazaar, which consists of tiny shops ; nothing much tempted us to buy, though it was interesting to look at them. There are many little Mosques dotted about with tiny minarets. It was too wet to sketch, so memory must suffice. I thought of taking a drive, but the downpour began after lunch. We wondered how much longer it would last ! !

The stamps of Herzegovina are most fascinating with little views on them, they can be had from the value of a quarter of a farthing upwards, each stamp has a different view on it, and they are double the size of an ordinary stamp, so take up a good deal of room on an envelope.

Here we were much impressed by the women's ungainly costume with their hideous baggy trousers, generally of some black

material, the whole of the upper part of the body and head is swathed in the feridjeh, and they waddle along very similar to ducks, the back view being most laughable.

I have painted one in my view of the bridge of Mostar.

I made the excursion by carriage to the source of the Buna, about eight miles from Mostar; happily it ceased raining and I was able to sketch the source which wells up from the ground apparently, but is one of the curious rivers of these countries which in an extraordinary way find their way through a mountain. A windmill and mosque came picturesquely into my foreground, and the rich deep blue of the water added to its charm.

I was sorry we had such wretched weather at Mostar.

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The Source of the Buna, near Mostar.

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leaving Mostar we paid another visit to the town, into other streets; but the picturesque ones are all Turkish. The better class women wear a most curious feridjeh, with a bonnet attached to it very like an elongated Quaker's bonnet; no one can see under it, but they see out of a chink. This domino is generally all black or dark blue. Many of the women wore trousers under their skirts, the latter they tucked up very high to keep them out of the mud.

Going along in the train we saw many curious houses and scenes. The houses have all very deep roofs of wood and often the whole house is wood, there are no proper chimneys, the smoke coming out at four little windows in the roof. Ploughing was in full force, and six oxen are often yoked to a plough driven by a woman in Turkish trousers and sort of shawl over her head; sometimes the trousers were scarlet and the shawl white, and sometimes the whole cos-

tume would be yellow. The little girls and boys, looking after the flocks of sheep with beautiful long white wool, were dressed in brown sort of riding breeches, the boy wearing a fez and the girl a kerchief on the head, the only distinction of sex.

Bosnia, the other state claimed by Austria, which is very mountainous, is bounded on the south by Albania and Montenegro, east by Servia, north and west by the Austrian dominions, and has an area of about 24,024 miles. A large proportion is forest land, and valuable as it furnishes timber and fuel. Plums are largely grown and exported as prunes; maize and wheat are the principal crops, but barley, oats, hemp, rice, are grown; cattle, sheep and goats are plentiful, and large droves of pigs are fed in the oak forests. The whole valley of the Bosnia is said to be a coal bed, and copper is worked in several places, also at Inatch is a very valuable cimmabar mine. Marble, too, is found and

A Street in Saràjevo.

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there are saline springs. The principal exports are timber, fruit, cattle, wool, lambskins, furs of wild animals, wax and honey. Nearly all the trading is with Austria. Lately several roads have been made that connect some of the principal towns. The province is divided into seven Sandjaks. The people are Servians, but principally Mahomedans, as is seen in passing many graveyards by the side of the railway, sadly dilapidated spots, the gravestones of which for men are composed of a column, crowned by a carved turban or fez, generally toppling sideways over in a melancholy manner and leaning towards another column. A large part of the south has an Albanian population.

Mahomedanism is not only predominant, but often enforced; education is very neglected, though there are a good many schools.

The population of Bosnia is about 1,592,000. The early inhabitants were Illyrians, and for the first time they are mentioned in the

history was 34 B.C. In the Roman period, of which nothing remains, and at the end of the fourth century, Roman sway was overcome by the invasion of the Goths, then followed Croatians, then Servians. The south-west part became Christian under Justinian (527-565) and the rest of it by Servian apostles, Cyril and Methodius, about A.D. 880. From A.D. 940 and onwards, Bosnia was governed by elective princes or "bans," who afterwards became feudatories of the Hungarian kings.

In A.D. 1377, the ruling Ban assumed the title King Stephen Tvertko I. In the reign of his eighth successor, Stephen Tomashewitch, Bosnia was conquered by Sultan Mahommed II., this was in 1463. In 1528, the banet of Jaice, and in 1592 the north-west part of Bosnia was taken by Turkey, and became the chief theatre of long wars between Austria and Turkey, which at length were ended by the peace of Sistova in 1791. The

oppressive Turk left very little peace, causing the Christians to revolt repeatedly, particularly in 1850 and 1875 ; and in 1878, the Treaty of Berlin handed Bosnia with Herzegovina over to the government of Austria. A great deal has been done by way of improvements, such as new roads connecting important towns, the railway, also good gendarmes keep order.

I do not think the Bosnian is at all dissatisfied, in fact I understand that at a large meeting at Saràjevo of the Servian Independent Party, which consists chiefly of peasants, they decided to send a deputation of sixty persons to thank the Emperor of Austria for the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and to assure His Majesty of their loyalty. One half of the deputation would consist of peasants, and the rest of the clergy and townsmen. The propositions of Austria-Hungary being, that the complete autonomy which would be introduced into Bosnia and

Herzegovina would be based on the three ruling elements of the population, which must receive their proper representation in the Diet. To ensure this free development of the country, as well as religious peace, each of the three denominations would elect a certain number of deputies, but no one would be obliged to elect a member of his own persuasion. In addition to the Diet, district councils would also be created. It is thought that these arrangements may be carried out in the Spring.

The chief town, Saràjevo, is picturesque with its numerous minarets, and there are nine bridges over its river, the Miljavka.

Sad to say we found ourselves very near the snow at Saràjevo, and from the incessant rain the streets were ankle-deep in mud in the Bazaars. We wandered out in the afternoon with our skirts not quite so high as the trousered ladies, but still we were determined they should be out of the mud.

Turkish Shops, Saràjevo.

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Sad to say we found ourselves very near the snow at Sarajevo, and from the incessant rain the streets were ankle-deep in mud in the Bazaars. We wandered out in the afternoon with our skirts not quite so high as fair-weather ladies, but still we were determined they should be out of the mud

Of course sketching and photography were not to be thought of, the only thing we could do was to patter along and see as much of interest as possible. In the little shops copper was being beaten into trays, jugs, ash-trays, coffee pots and cup holders, also there were silver and enamel things for sale; I bought a couple of silver hat-pins. I saw buckles, brooches, studs, earrings, &c., all made of silver in patterns or designs carried out on the article for sale. There were quantities of shoemakers and saddlers all hard at work. Stalls of sweet sellers who have a round table on which to display their wares laid out in sections. The lemonade sellers and coffee sellers carried their jugs and glasses, calling as they walked, very like Cairo. People wore goloshes or pattens of wood, some of the latter of which Miss B. was very anxious to purchase, but I rather frightened her, saying she might fall on her nose as she was not used to them, and no

doubt they would be awkward to walk with at first, so she refrained from buying a pair. We plodded along for some time, then returned to a warm café, where we had delicious coffee with beaten up cream, so grateful and warming !

The cold at Saràjevo was so great that I felt very tempted to go straight to Budapest and give up my tour to Plitvice after all.

It is no pleasure to be even out of doors in this damp depressing weather, but unfortunately the morning that was to decide me broke forth into sunshine once more, and I decided to go on. No green was to be seen on any bushes, and the rivers were all in flood ; however, as I had a guide on purpose for this trip, I wanted to go if possible.

My bedroom had such a depressing outlook that I asked to change it. A tumbledown Turkish hotel was not elevating to spirits I found, and beside that there seemed to be a general rubbish heap ; in fact, I had my

doubts as to whether it was healthy, overlooking such a place. Though it is always an effort to change rooms, I made up my mind it must be done, and changed very much for the better, moving into quite a new part of the hotel, which was very sweet and clean after what I had just left.

The next day was a glorious warm one and my spirits rose again, so I decided to go the original excursion to Jajce, and on. Miss B., who did not like driving and roughing it, decided she would go direct to Budapest, and home by Vienna, leaving me on Tuesday evening. The journeys in these mountainous regions are very long and the trains creep very slowly; each little journey in distance since we left Ragusa has taken seven or eight hours, but the whole way is interesting.

Early, Karabaich and I wandered forth with my camera, and in hopes of finding a place to sketch, which seemed hopeless in the Bazaars, as the streets are very narrow,

with crowds of people and ponies laden with wood passing along; those laden with hay require the width of the street to themselves, and woe betide the passer-by if he does not step back into a doorway. After lunch we went out to sketch, and found a quiet street which was also picturesque. Karabaich was busy keeping off the crowd who had "spotted" me. The boys soon discovered something out of the ordinary was going on, and the little girls were made to stand back by the boys, I fancy, but I was too busy to pay much attention, and finally got a most successful sketch with some Turkish ladies flitting by in the picture; these I had to draw in very hurriedly, as they, like all Easterns, consider it bad luck to have a portrait taken, and many of the groups in the market rapidly dispersed when they detected my camera.

The people one sees in these parts are remarkably plain, though many of the men are tall and well made, and of fine physique.

The Market Place, Saràjevo.

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The Bosnian costume is very ugly, the women wear enormously wide black trousers down to their feet, these being so voluminous must be much in the way in wet weather, and become very muddy and damp about the ankles. The material used has every appearance of black sateen.

After a journey of seven hours from Saràjevo, Karabaich and I arrived at Jajce. The railway winds in and out, and in and out of the mountains. It was fine all day until I went out to paint the wonderful waterfall. This is a charming old town, full of quaint wood roofed houses and mosques, the minarets are even made of wood. There seem to be many Turks living here, and in these parts I passed many dilapidated graveyards on my way, and every village has a mosque or two. Many of the women are veiled; it must be a horrid bore to have to go about so muffled up, and what must it be in summer!

At Jajce in the old days, the Kings of

Bosnia had their castle, and the town was fortified and surrounded by walls; the ruins of walls and castles still remain. Next morning was again wet and I did not go out, finally we had a short shower, but after lunch it cleared. The landlord asked me if I would like to visit a Turkish lady. Of course I was delighted, and he accompanied me with Karabiach on the box, to a village about seven miles off, where a friend of his would take me into a Turkish house. We drove up to a "Theehütte" and were much refreshed and warmed by some delicious coffee, then I sallied forth with the landlady's servant girl as interpreter, to call, as of course the landlord from Jajce could not even approach the doorstep! I could only speak German and the Turkish lady Bosnian, so without an interpreter our conversation would have been very limited. It was the proper thing to take presents with you, for the mother and children. I was at a loss to

know where the presents were to be got in that tiny village, but the little maid took me to a shop, where we bought sweets for the children and a piece of soap, scented strongly with pachouli, for the lady. Armed with these we arrived on the doorstep. Into the house we walked without knocking—no doubt we were expected—and climbed some very steep stairs, went along a landing and entered a very comfortable sitting-room, with a divan all round it. There were one or two chairs, but the grandmother who came in to show some of her crotchet work, squatted on her heels on the floor. One little girl with hair of a most curious red came into the room. I heard afterwards it was dyed, and certainly the colour was most unnatural and never seen in genuine red hair. The grandmother wore a wig of this colour, and a tiny baby of one year also had it. I asked about this of the tea house landlady, and she told me they will dye a

baby's hair of even a month old. Several little boys peeped at me through a crack in the door, but they would not come in, so I gave the sweets to the girl, which she secreted inside the cupboard bed in the room, and the mother tucked her soap hurriedly away somewhere about her person. The room was very clean and neat, with rugs on the floor, and a quantity of coloured stuffs piled in one corner. A stove pipe came through the floor to warm it, but also I saw a curious stove in the corner, which looked as though it was ornamented with bottle ends in cement of some kind. The mother had been very good-looking; she remarked on my teeth with envious eyes as they were all there, and she had lost a good many of hers. The windows of the house were latticed, except those looking on to the river, where no one could see into the room. Mrs. Turk was very interested in my wedding ring, which she proposed to keep as a souvenir,

Jaice.

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but I expressed much regret that I could not part with it, as it was the English custom to wear our wedding rings for the rest of our lives, and my husband might be angry if I gave it away. No doubt she wondered what I was doing travelling alone, but she did not ask me. After a cup of Turkish coffee I left. I was really highly entertained by my visit.

The road runs along by the river which has cataracts and falls, and little mills built of wood, standing over the water, these are reached by a plank, and are used for grinding corn. We passed an inland lake on the way, the Lake of Jesero.

In this part, it is the custom to kiss your hand—a performance I particularly dislike, and I now carefully retain my gloves when I think it may take place. It can't be helped, and to draw it hurriedly away would cause great offence.

Next morning was not very fine, but we started in a carriage about 7-30 to drive to

Bajnaluka, a nine hours' drive. On the way, where we lunched and the horses rested, the landlord told me that this year the wolves had come down as low as his house, but as he had no gun, he had to wait till they chose to go away.

At Bajnaluka there is not much to see. Karabaich and I wandered about and found a few Turkish shops and stalls. The people are hideously ugly, clothed in quantities of rags, so they may be warm.

A train at 7 a.m. brought us to Novi (the end of the world we called it). Here we were to find a carriage to take us to Plitvice, but the only decent one refused to go, and the others were so falling to bits I was sure we should never reach our destination, so I had reluctantly to give up the expedition and go on to Vienna. Had we known what a desolate spot Novi was, we should not have attempted to alight; but unfortunately we could not get on till evening, as there was

no train. To anyone wishing to travel in these parts, I recommend them to wait till June. At Agram I dismissed my guide, and so ends my trip through these unfrequented parts.

One or two little remarks I must make before I close, one is on the honesty of the people. My umbrella, which is a valuable one, not only in keeping off the constant rain, but because it has a gold duck on the stick, which I value very much, I suddenly missed one day at Saràjevo while sketching; getting a sudden shock as to what had become of my umbrella when I had been deep in my paint box, I appealed to Karabaich, who had been keeping off a crowd of urchins. "It is all right, lady," he explained, in Italian, "I put it by that fence behind," and sure enough it was still there, though the fence was twenty yards behind me and a large crowd in between. My luggage, too, was often left for ages on a table in the waiting-room quite unguarded, it

was all there on our return. I am afraid I should not have such confidence in my native land!

A word in praise, too, I must add of my guide Karabaich. Should any of my readers want a guide, I can certainly recommend him as being most attentive, of very nice appearance and manners, and thoroughly honest. He is a native of Pola and is a pilot by trade, he also has a boat trading in wine; his name and the town will always find him, as he is well known there. He speaks German, Italian, and Slav, and possibly other languages, but I did not require them.

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